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## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

**N. M. BURKHOLDER,**  
DENTAL SURGEON,  
HARRISONBURG, VA.

Gives his careful and constant attention to his practice, in the treatment of all cases of the mouth, and in the insertion of artificial teeth.

The Spray or Freezing Apparatus and other agencies employed for the extraction of teeth. Operations performed with strict regard to comfort and durability, and warranted equal in every respect to those performed elsewhere.

Office—South side Court-House Square, next door to the Bookstore.

References—His own daily operations, together with the recommendation of the Faculty of the Baltimore Dental College, which hangs in his office. [Sept. 18—19]

**DENTAL CO-PARTNERSHIP:**  
DR. JAS. H. HARRIS, GEO. T. HARRIS,  
DENTAL SURGEONS.

Dr. JAS. H. HARRIS, will give his careful attention to all operations performed especially those upon the mouth. When desired, Nitrous Oxide Gas will be administered for extracting teeth, or the freezing process will be applied. (Local anesthetic.) Patients not able to come to town will be waited for at their residence. Office at Dr. Harris's residence, on Main street. [Oct. 2, 1867—19]

**DRS. GORDON & WILLIAMS,**  
Having sold out their Drug Store, will devote their entire time to the Practice of Medicine. They will be found when not professionally engaged, at their new offices in rear of First National Bank, fronting the Masonic Hall. Persons indebted in the Drug Store, will please call and settle. [Oct. 16, 1866.]

**W. O. HILL,** PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON  
HARRISONBURG, VA.  
Sept. 19, 1866.—19

**WOODSON & COMPTON,**  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
HARRISONBURG, VA.

JOHN C. WOODSON and WM. B. COMPTON have associated themselves in the practice of Law in the County of Rockingham; and will also attend the Courts of Shenandoah, Page, Highland and Pendleton.

JOHN C. WOODSON will continue to practice in the Supreme Court of Appeals of Virginia. Nov. 23, 1865—19

**WARREN R. LUTY,** D. O. PATTERSON,  
LUTY & PATTERSON,  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
HARRISONBURG, VA.

Will practice in Rockingham and adjoining counties. Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to their hands. Office three doors West of the old Rockingham Bank. Nov. 7, 1866—19

**R. LIGGETT & HAAS,** ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
HARRISONBURG, VA.

Will practice in Rockingham and adjoining counties. Office in First National Bank Building, second floor. March 27, 1867—19

**G. W. BERLIN,** ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
HARRISONBURG, VA.

Will practice in this and the adjoining counties. Office—East side of the Public Square. Jan. 31, 1866—19

**CHARLES A. YANCEY,** ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
HARRISONBURG, VA.

Office in the Post Office Building, up stairs. March 20—19

**G. S. LATIMER,** ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
HARRISONBURG, VA.

And Commissioner for the Restoration of Burned Records, Harrisonburg, Va. Nov. 7, 1866—19

**GEORGE G. GRATTAN,** ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
HARRISONBURG, VA.

Office—At Hill's Hotel. Nov. 7, 1866.

**WM. S. ROHR,** J. ED. PENNYBACKER,  
ROHR & PENNYBACKER,  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
HARRISONBURG, VA.

Special attention paid to the collection of claims. March 20, 1867—19

**PENDLETON BRYAN,** ATTORNEY AT LAW  
AND NOTARY PUBLIC,  
HARRISONBURG, VA.

July 8—19

**GRANTVILLE BARTHAM,** J. S. HARRISONBERG,  
BARTHAM & HARRISONBERG,  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
HARRISONBURG, VA.

Office—At Hill's Hotel. September 4, 1867—19

**JOHN PAUL,** ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
HARRISONBURG, VA.

Will practice in the Courts of Rockingham, Augusta and adjoining counties, and attend to special business in any county of this State or in West Virginia. Business in his hands will receive prompt and careful attention. Always found at his office when not professionally engaged. Office on the Square, three doors West of the Rockingham Bank building. Sept. 26, 1867—19

**SAMUEL R. STERLING,**  
Collector of Internal Revenue,  
Office—In the old Bank of Rockingham Building, North of the Court-House, Harrisonburg. Nov. 7, 1866—19

**WHEN** Ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise. —Old Saw. But it so happens that there is no bliss in ignorance, therefore 'tis wisdom to be wise. What then? Supply yourself with good books. Where at? May 15 WATMAN'S BOOKSTORE.

**COME** ALL YOU SMOKERS, who are fond of a genuine Havana Segar. ESHMAN'S Tobacco Store is the place to get them cheap. January 16, 1867.

**TESTAMENTS** at 10 cents, at THE BOOKSTORE. July 24

**FAMILY BIBLES**, at THE BOOKSTORE. July 24

**COOK BOOKS**—Mrs. Lea's Cook Book, Dixie Cook Book, and THE BOOKSTORE. Aug. 14

**A FULL** assortment of Axes, Hatchets and Hammers, just received by LUDWIG & CO., Sep. 11

**50** KEGS OF NAILS, just received by LUDWIG & CO., Sep. 11

**HARDWARE**—Builder's Hardware, Saddlery Hardware, Cabinet Hardware, at Sep. 4 LUDWIG & CO.

**CONQUEROR** Apple Parer, call and see them for sale by LUDWIG & CO. September 4, 1867.

**MATCHES!** MATCHES! MATCHES!—Diamond State Parlor Matches—the best in use to be had as ANG. L. ESHMAN'S Tobacco Store.

## The Old Commonwealth.

RAN. D. CUSHEN,  
Publisher and Proprietor.

"Here shall the Press the People's rights maintain,  
Unawed by Influence and Unbribed by Gain!"

VOL. III.

HARRISONBURG, VIRGINIA, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1867.

NO. 5.

## POETRY.

## PRAYER OF THE BETROTHED.

A lady in the St. Louis Union, under the signature of "Andromeda," pours her thoughts in the following beautiful verses on the eve of her marriage:

Father, I come before Thy throne,  
With love and bended knees,  
To thank Thee, with a grateful tone,  
For all Thy love to me.

Forgive me if my heart this hour,  
I give not all to Thee,  
For deep affection's mighty power  
Divides it now with Thee.

Thou knowest, Father, every thought,  
And how this heart has vainly sought  
That which its heart has vainly sought  
To keep its love suppressed.

Yet when the Lord, who bled for me,  
Sits fondly by my side,  
And breathes the vow I cannot shun,  
To me, his destined bride—

Forgive me, if the loving kiss  
He leaves upon my brow  
Is thought of in an hour like this,  
And thrills me even now.

He has chosen me to be his love,  
And comforter through life,  
Enable me, oh God, to prove  
A loving, faithful wife.

He knows not, Father, all the deep  
Affection I control,  
The thousand loving thoughts that sweep  
Remissers of our soul.

He knows not each faint thought of love  
That gushes warm and free;  
Nor can he ever, ever prove  
My warm idolatry.

Then guard him, Father! round his way,  
Thy choicest blessings call,  
And render each successive day  
Still happier than the last.

And, Father, grant us so to live,  
That when his life is o'er,  
Within the happy home you give,  
We'll meet to part no more.

## A REMINISCENCE OF THE MEXICAN WAR.

## HOW A FAT MAN HELPED OUR ARMY.

George W. Kendall, the former well-known editor of the New Orleans Picayune, has not forgotten his Mexican war experience, as a recent letter of his in that paper shows. Partly for its historical recollections and partly for the humorous story to which they lead, we copy the letter:

Dusk was just setting in—darkness was fast settling down, dropping suddenly as it does in the tropics. This was on the evening of the 13th of September, 1847, or nearly twenty years ago.

We had had a long day's work of it; the eight hour system was not thought of in that period. We had been at it from daylight until dark—hard at it. Quitman's division had stormed the noted Castle of Chapultepec in front, aided by Twigg's regulars, while Pillow, with Worth's veterans, as a reserve, had grappled and gained foothold of the rear and flank of the Mexican stronghold. One of the first, if not the first, of the American flags planted on Chapultepec was placed there by Seymour, then in command of Ransom's New England regiment. Poor Ransom! a brave, chivalrous, handsome man, was Ransom; he was killed a few days before at El Molino del Rey. But all this has nothing to do with the first fat man I ever particularly noticed. He was an uncommonly fat man—an Englishman—almost all fat men are Englishmen; I mean all very fat men.

Chapultepec had fallen. There were two roads running into the city of Mexico, the said city in plain sight and three miles distant. The most direct road was by the aqueduct and the Belen Garita, and on this, without waiting for orders, Quitman and Persifer Smith advanced, these veteran officers seemed to hurry on as though they were anxious to get out of hearing of General Scott's orders; they had not forgotten his halt at Churubusco, and the useless sacrifice of over a thousand men in consequence. At all events I have not forgotten it.

While Quitman was rushing up the Garita de Belen, in face of a withering fire, Worth was pushing up the San Cosme Garita, in plain sight, and here and there an episode: the fat man will keep.

Little Preston Johnston, nephew of General Joe, had been killed at Contreras a few days before, while in command of one section of Magruder's battery. This section was taken by Stonewall Jackson who had just come out from McClellan and other young officers, from West Point.

On the morning Chapultepec was attacked Jackson was attached to Pillow's command, and while in the road, outside the wall north of the castle, a Mexican shell burst directly in the battery, killing or crippling some eight or ten men, and as many horses. I never saw a man work as hard as did young Jackson, tearing off harness and dragging out dead and kicking horses. I do not recollect that I ever saw the lamented hero afterwards. General Hebert was with me at the time, and Colonel Trousdale, with a broken arm, jawing with Dr. Satterlee as to the necessity of cutting it off, was sitting under the wall of Chapultepec. Hebert will recollect all this; he will particularly remember a brogan hummed by us, containing the foot of one of Stonewall Jackson's men, and which, cut off by the shell, had been hurled against the wall on our right, and

then bounced down into the road under our horses' feet, the flesh still quivering. But in relation to fat man the first: I am gaining on him.

Quitman and Smith, advancing up the Belen Garita, were under fire constantly; the men, as they dodged in and out of the arches of the aqueduct, were continually crippled or cut down. Moragne and J. W. Canty, of the gallant South Carolina regiment, were killed; Gladstone, of the same corps, was wounded; while Loring, of the rifles, lost an arm while pushing bravely up. Worth was not particularly disturbed going on the San Cosme Garita; he sent Duncan out with his light battery to help Quitman and Smith on the Belen route. But after passing the English Cemetery, and on entering the straggling suburbs of San Cosme, Worth's regulars caught it in earnest. The Mexicans had a strong battery at the Garita, which commanded and completely swept the street along the aqueduct, and the old Texan plan of boring and burrowing through the houses, learned by the commander of the first division at Monterey the year previous, was adopted. And it succeeded.

At dusk, the close vicinity of the Garita of San Cosme having been reached, a dash carried the works without great loss, and Worth was inside the proud capital of the Montezumas, Quitman, after losing Drum, Benjamin and other brave men, had also effected a lodgment inside the Garita de Belen, and with Beauregard and other officers was busy planning further operations offensive.

They did not intend to give Santa Anna another chance to enter into the armistice business; the cold faces of Drum, Benjamin and other gallant spirits, killed without cause, laid there stark and stiff reminders that Santa Anna could not wit and out-talk the tall hero of Chipewa. But where is fat man the first? Enter fat man.

Worth was no sooner inside the Garita of San Cosme than, with his usual chafing and unquiet disposition, he thought of going ahead. But how, and where? He was just as anxious as Quitman to shut the gate down on anything in the shape of another armistice; was determined on slamming the door in Santa Anna's face and jaws. But it was dusk—almost dark—and he did not know the city of Mexico. He had around him Pemberton, Boyer Wood, Mackall, Semmes, Solon Borlaur, and your humble servant, all belonging to his regular or voluntary staff, with Huger, Hagner, Stone, and several ordnance officers.

There, lying idle but anxious to work, were two ten inch mortars, and a couple of eighteen pounder long guns. How use them? The fat man told us.

As the smoke and dust had settled around the Garita of San Cosme, there suddenly and I can almost say surreptitiously appeared among us a little fat, purpy, pot-bellied Englishman, the owner of a neighboring brewery, who was profuse in kind offices. The suburb of San Cosme, taken by assault, had been given up by Worth to sack, and his men were at it. Perhaps the Englishman thought his own premises inside the Garita would be entered, and wished to propitiate. Be this as it may, there he suddenly appeared, in the midst of Worth and his staff, and he was used; while we all drank his beer, the ordnance officers drank his information.

'You have lived some time in the city of Mexico, my little man?' quoth Worth.

'Seventeen years, off and on,' responded the Englishman.

You know the city, then? was the next question.

'Like a book,' was the answer.

'And which is the best part of it?'—Where do all the rich people live?' was the next question.

'Right over that tall tree you see there,' said the little Englishman, skipping lightly; all little fat men are light on their hoof, and this one was particularly so. And why is it that nearly every fat little man you meet, if English and middle aged, wears a blue coat with brass buttons—a dress coat? This fat little Englishman had one on.

'Right over that tallest tree, there?' continued Worth, pointing towards it.

'Exactly,' was the response from the fat man, also pointing.

He did not imagine, poor fellow, that immediately behind and unbeknown to him, the ordnance officers were 'making sight' over his pointing fingers, and training their pieces; the object of Worth was to 'pitch in' round shot and shell into the best part of the city. Of course it took some little time to lay the platforms for the mortars, and meanwhile the little fat man was used.

'And the Archbishop,' queried Worth, 'where does he reside?'

'Right over that tallest house, there,' continued the fat brewer, pointing to the dwelling where the Prussian Minister then resided, while the ordnance officers were behind him, taking sight and

sim. It was rich. We all laughed—heartily.

'And the National Palace, the Grand Plaza, the Cathedral, the Plateros?' continued Worth, as noted points in the beautiful city came to his mind.

'Beyond the Alameda, and right under that star,' answered the Englishman, pointing Huger and Stone behind him 'lining,' as old bee hunters term it.—Hagner would also have been on the lookout, only that he was hard of hearing.—An excellent officer was Hagner.

Meanwhile the platforms for the two ten inch mortars were laid, and everything was ready to 'open,' when all of a sudden it got through the little fat man's skull that he had been pumped.

'But you are going to bombard the city,' said he, skipping more lively than ever.

Bang! whang!! went the eighteen pounders.

'And my wife and children are living up there!'

'God bless my soul! you'll tear the whole city to pieces! and my poor wife—she's timid, and—'

Bang! whang!! belled the 18 pounders again; it took longer to work the mortars, but as fast as they could be wiped out and cleaned they were kept in active play.

It may not seem altogether so right for a man to sit down and split his sides laughing after a long day's work, amid carnage and strife; but who could help it, as that blue coated, purpy little Englishman, who had unconsciously given Worth a thorough reconnaissance of the entire city of Mexico from a standpoint near his brewery at the San Cosme Garita, commenced jumping and skipping about with the agility of a first class acrobat. I am laughing now as I tell the story—I can't help it.

Two days afterwards, walking leisurely down the Calle Tacuba towards the Hospital de San Andres, I met the same fat little Englishman, with the same blue coat and brass buttons. I knew him as well as though he had been raised opposite me in the same alley.

'Were any of your family badly hurt by the bombardment?' queried I.

'Scared! that's all,' was the curt response.

By way of finish to this old reminiscence, I should say that a short time after Worth opened on the city of Mexico, a deputation from the Ayuntamiento came hurriedly down to San Cosme with intelligence that Santa Anna had evacuated the capital, bag and baggage, and that it was at our mercy. Here ends the war between the United States and Mexico, and here ends my story.

Yours, &c., G. W. K.

## A Curious Love Story.

A very curious love story is told by several of the ancient writers respecting Egivard, a secretary of Charlemagne, and a daughter of that emperor. The secretary fell in love with the princess, who at length allowed him to visit her. One winter's night he stayed with her very late, and in the meantime a deep snow had fallen. If he left, his foot marks would be observed, and yet to stay would expose him to danger. At length the princess resolved to carry him on her back to a neighboring house, which she did. It happened however that from the window of his bed room the emperor saw the whole affair.

In the assembly of his lords on the following day, when Egivard and his daughter were presented, he asked what ought to be done to the man who compelled the king's daughter to carry him on her shoulders through frost and snow in the middle of a winter's night? The lovers were alarmed, but the emperor addressing Egivard, said: 'Had'st thou loved my daughter thou shouldst have come to me; thou art worthy of death, but I give thee two lives. Take thy fair partner in marriage, fear God, and love one another.'

The editor of a New York religious paper, alluding to the memories of Lyman Beecher, by his son, Henry Ward, says:

'He seems to have brought all the resources of his art to bear upon the work, which is so overdue, so steeped in syrup, and fretted with frostwork, and stuffed with sugar plums of all colors, and whipped into froth and fury, that it is quite the most sickening compound of the kind that we ever undertook to devour.'

It is said that in some parts of Massachusetts they are so opposed to 'horns,' that they won't have anything but muley cattle.

A lunatic whose hallucination was to think himself Solomon was locked up in Providence the other night. But Summer is still at large.

## Popping the Question

All ladies know by instinct how the question of questions should be asked, so as to make it tell. But very few men know how to ask it gracefully. Love stricken youths often ask sorrowfully on occasions of this kind; in fact, like the merest lubbers; and the worst of it is that those of them who would make the best husbands often spoil their chances by floundering ridiculously at the critical moment. For this reason, saucy, world hardened fellows who never stammer, blush, or falter, not unfrequently carry off the prize from unsophisticated excellence the lady not discovered until too late, that she had mistaken brass for gold. Under these circumstances, why will not some gentle creature of a 'certain age,' who has nothing more to hope or fear from man, undertake to teach the young idea how to shoot dexterously at the matrimonial target? It would be a profitable business, pecuniarily, beyond a doubt; and then as a philanthropic. There are multitudes of young men who would give ten dollars a piece to be able to do the thing with eclat, and it certainly might be taught in less than 'six easy lessons.' The lady preceptor should make her pupils propose to her until perfect in the art of proposition.

Curious Love Letters.

MADAM—Most worthy of estimation! After long consideration and much meditation of the great reputation you possess in the nation, I have a strong inclination to become your relation. On your approbation of this inclination I shall make preparation to remove my situations to a more convenient station, to profess my admiration, and if such obligation is worthy of observation and can obtain commiseration, it will be an agonization beyond all calculation of

Yours, MARY MODERATION.

## THE ANSWER.

I perused your oration with much deliberation, and a little consternation at the great infatuation of your weak imagination to show such veneration on so light a foundation. But after examination and serious contemplation, I suppose your animation was the fruit of recreation, or had sprung from ostentation to display your education by an odd enumeration, or, rather, multiplication, of words of the same termination, though of great variation, in each respective signification. Now without disputation, your laborious application and so tedious an occupation deserves commendation, and, thinking' imitation a sufficient gratification, I am without hesitation,

Yours, MARY MODERATION.

## BEAUTIFUL ALLEGORY.—The following beautiful allegory is translated from the German:

Tophronius, a wise teacher, would not suffer even his grown-up sons and daughters to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright.

'Dear father,' said the gentle Eulalia to him one day, when he forbade her in company with her brother to visit the volatile Luindia, 'dear father, you must think us very childish, if you imagine we should be exposed to danger by it.'

The father took in silence a dead coal from the hearth, and reached it to his daughter. 'It will not burn you, my child, take it.'

Eulalia did so, and behold! her delicate white hand was soiled and blackened, and as it chanced, her white dress also.

'We cannot be too careful in handling coals,' said Eulalia, in vexation.

'Yes, truly,' said her father, 'you see, my child, that coals, even if they don't burn, blacken. So it is with the company of the vicious.'

A clergyman was once sent for by one of the ladies of his congregation.—'Well, my good woman,' said he, 'so you are very ill, and require the consolation of religion? What can I do for you?'

'No,' replied the old lady, 'I am only a little nervous and can't sleep.'

'How can I help that?' asked the parson.

'Oh, sir, you always put me to sleep so nicely when I go to church, that I thought that if you would only preach a little for me!'

'So you are going to keep school?' said a young lady, to her old aunt.

'Well, for my part, sooner than do that, I would marry a widower with nine children.'

'I should prefer that myself,' was the quiet reply, 'but where is the widower?'

The man who sung, O, breathe no more that simple air, went into the smoking car where the air was more mixed,

## RATES OF ADVERTISING:

TRANSIENT ADVERTISING inserted at the rate of \$1.00 per square (ten lines minimum constitute a square), and 50 cents for each subsequent insertion.  
BUSINESS ADVERTISEMENTS, \$10 a year per square, \$5 per year for each subsequent square.  
SPECIAL NOTICES inserted in Local column, 15 cents per line.  
PROFESSIONAL CARDS of five lines or less, one year, \$5.  
LOCAL NOTICES, the legal fee of \$5.  
Quarterly, Half and Column Advertisements, by contract.  
All advertising done in advance.

## JOB PRINTING.

We are prepared to do every description of Job Printing at reasonable rates.

## The Democratic Emblem—Ye Rooster.

A correspondent of the Ohio Statesman inquires why the Rooster is used by the Democracy as an emblem of victory. That paper replies:

Because the game Rooster is the gamest bird, when encroached upon by his fellows, that ever existed, and the Democracy is the gamest party that ever voted at an election or resented oppression. Both the party and its emblem, when they go into the fight, make it a matter of life and death. Both may be whipped but not conquered, for giving up when once in the fight, is a word unknown to the practice of the Rooster, and is not found in the Democratic vocabulary.

The following historical incident induced the adoption of the emblem:

During the war of 1812 the British fleet on Lake Champlain was attacked by the American fleet under Commodore McDonough. The fleet of McDonough, much inferior to that of the English, suffered terribly in the first part of the battle. At the moment when it was raging fiercest—the heaviest fire of the enemy was directed against the flagship of McDonough—his men driven from their guns by the fierce cannonade, and dismayed at every countenance, and the stern of iron hail which seemed to threaten destruction not only to the ship but to every living soul therein, was at its height, a cannon ball struck a chicken coop and knocked it to pieces, killing all it contained but a moment before, except a game Rooster, whose battered comb bore the marks of many a death fight. Flying upon the bulwarks of McDonough's flagship, the noble bird, undaunted by the noise, confusion and carnage around him, with clarion voice rang out his notes of defiance and victory.

Sailors are ever superstitious, and when in the pause of the thunder of the enemy's cannon they heard the shrill "cock-a-doodle-do" of the undaunted bird, they gathered new courage and repairing again to their guns, returned anew the fire of the enemy, cheered by the loud crow of the brave emblem of the Democracy, until the battle ended, and McDonough on Lake Champlain, like the Democracy in Ohio and Pennsylvania was victorious over the enemies of the country.

Every naval historian makes mention of the fact, and history says that the bravery shown on that occasion by the Rooster was the cause of the victory, by the renewed courage it gave the sailors in McDonough's fleet.

From that day to this, in political contests, the Rooster has been the Democratic emblem of victory, and when it is seen in the act of act of sending forth its "cock-a-doodle-do," at the head of a Democratic newspaper, it is right to say the country is safe, for the victory is with the Democracy.

MRS. LINCOLN'S THINGS.—The rooms of Brady, the pawnbroker, where "Mrs. Lincoln's things" are set out for sale, are still largely visited by the curious, the attendance averaging a thousand persons a day. A three hundred dollar set of jewelry was sold yesterday but the dresses, which visitors are politely requested not to handle, still hang neglected on the chairs, looking decidedly the worst for wear and are emphatically dead stock. At good-natured dame, robed in white, has charge of the articles, but it is hard to imagine how her equanimity can be preserved under the cross-fire of questioning, pertinent and impertinent, to which she is constantly subject. The subscription list for the family of Abraham Lincoln, which hangs up in a conspicuous place, is woefully blank. Among the subscriptions are several of ten cents, and a pint of pennies from a sympathizing newsboy. The whole affords an instructive commentary on the mutability of Americans.

THE LARGEST CITY.—A very erroneous idea is indulged in by many people in relation to the largest city in the world, many confidently asserting that London, or as it is frequently termed, the Great Metropolis, is far superior both in size and the number of its inhabitants. But such is not the case.—Jeddo, the capital of Japan, is without exception, the largest and most populous city in the world. It contains 1,500,000 dwellings, and 5,00











WE invite the attention of Painters, and those about to paint, to our large stock of Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Brushes, etc., which are offered at greatly reduced rates at  
Oct 2 OTT'S Drug Store.

WE are prepared to furnish the ingredients for the various Washing Compounds, at  
Oct 2 OTT'S Drug Store.

CIGARS of all grades, manufactured and sold by [Oct 23] ESHMAN.